

We paid a visit to the Show on Thursday, the 8th of March. The display of fowls was the best we have ever seen in Canada. We had not previously attended the Spring exhibition. The birds are now in their prime; no straggling dirty old feathers, or featherless spots are to be seen at this season, as is generally the case at the fall shows; the birds at that season have not the fresh, lively appearance displayed at the Spring exhibitions. The Show was held in the Drill Shed, being very conveniently situated, and well adapted for the purpose. The display of poultry was large; no one could pass through the exhibition without admiring some of the varieties. The coops were well arranged, and were of a uniform size. We

understand that the townspeople of Guelph have subscribed \$700 towards getting up the Show. An entrance fee of 50c for each pair of birds was charged, also ten cents for coops; visitors were charged 25 cents admission, but the attendance was rather slim, we do not think that at any one period during the day there were more than 12 in at any one time, in the evening there might have been 20, we do not think we are under-estimating the number. We were informed that the previous day there had not been over 20 in the Exhibition at one time. The previous day visitors were hard to be found, we mean paying visitors. We think all the business, pleasure, &c., might have easily been condensed into one day—it would not have crowded it much either.

We think this show was like the mansparking with goggles on; he kept up a pretty good winking, and felt a love for the girl, but she failed to observe it. The Guelph people knew they were going to have a show, but scarcely any one else did, for the reason that they did not advertise it in the agricultural papers.

According to the rules of the Association, the price was attached to each coop of birds at the time of entering, thus any one could see the price demanded as they passed the coops. This plan appeared to give satisfaction, but most of them had very high prices affixed, many were marked \$1, \$2 and \$3 a pair, and some were marked above these rates, but no one purchased any at the above figures.

JOHN WELD paid the highest prices for any that were sold, he purchased the first prize Buff Cochins, and the Dark Brahma cock that took the first prize at the Provincial Exhibition.

The poultry men have formed a new Association; the charge for membership is \$2.

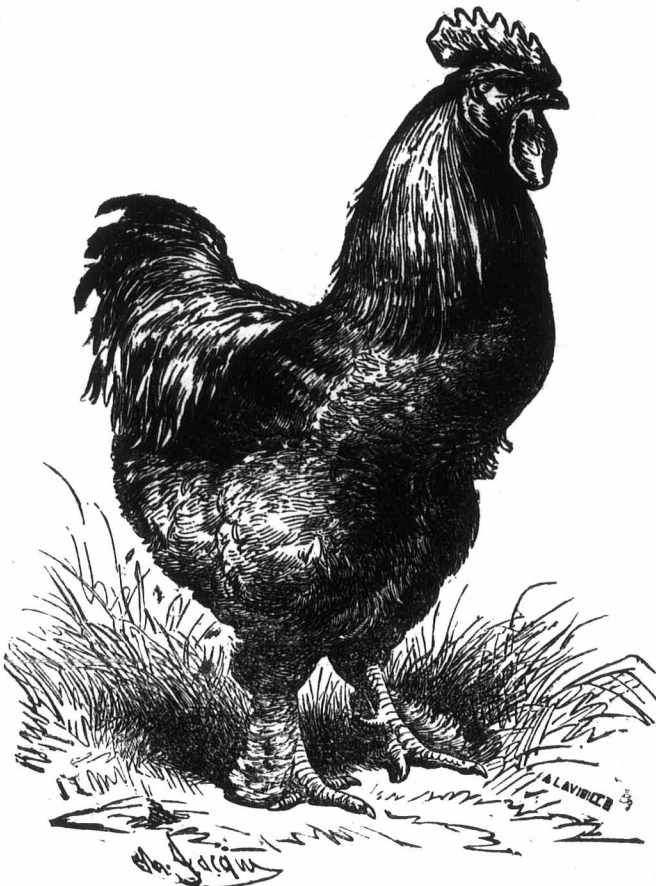
HENS EATING FEATHERS.

I very often find in our poultry and agricultural journals items on hens eating feathers, and find most of them of one opinion, and

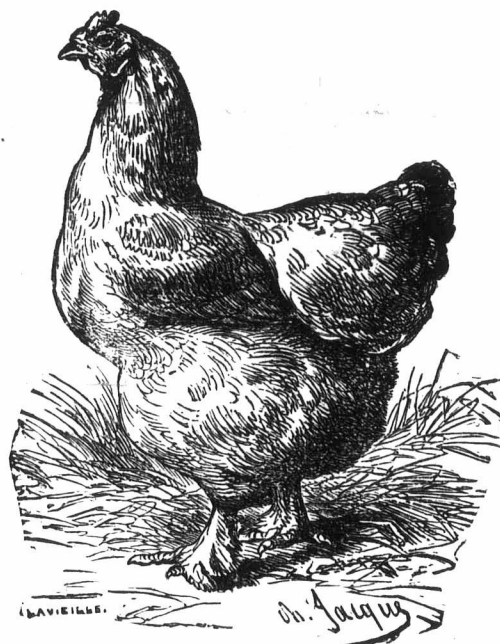
that is that they must have all the raw beef and liver they want, also green cabbage. The animal food is good for them, given in small quantity and not very often, and when shut up in the hen-house in winter they will eat. But neither animal nor green vegetable food is a preventative of feather eating.

You will never find a hen eating feathers if she has any employment. Give her something to do, and you will find she will not eat them; but confine fowls and give them no employment but to eat and drink, and you will soon find that they will get together in some corner of their house, and then, if you do not look out, they will commence picking feathers. I was troubled with it in my yard two years ago, and it was fearful to see how they would stand and allow their feathers to be picked off without any resistance. My birds are pure light Brahmas, and it was a great detriment to the sale of my fowls.

I commenced to experiment in a small way, and soon found a remedy—as follows: I must keep them employed, and to do so I got a load of sawdust and put about four inches on the floor, and then sowed oats on it and raked it into the sawdust, and it was not long before they found them out, and to work they went, scratching and picking, forgetting all about the feathers. Go into the hen-house when I will, I always find them



BUFF COCHON FOWLS.



at work, and by this plan I made a cure of hens eating feathers.

Sawdust is an absorbent, and at the same time it keeps my Brahmas clean and white. I sow the oats on the sawdust every morning, and when it gets very dirty I renew it. If people who keep poultry would take a little pains of this sort they would not be troubled with feather eating.—*Poultry World*.

THE NARRAGANSETT TURKEY.

This is one of the largest and hardiest breed of turkeys. It is raised in the greatest perfection in South-eastern Connecticut and Rhode Island, a region famous for fine poultry. Turkeys do remarkably well along the seaboard, and almost every farmer remote from the villages has his flock. It is not uncommon to find flocks of from one to two hundred birds, the product of about a dozen hens, under the skillful management of a poultry woman or boy. Of course, they do some damage to grain; but this evil is counterbalanced by the enormous destruction of insects secured. From June to September they subsist mainly upon grasshoppers, crickets, and other insects, ranging for the most part in the pastures and woodlands. They are fattened in October and November, and it is not uncommon for a lot of early chicks to reach the average weight of fourteen

pounds, dressed at Thanksgiving or Christmas. The common run of turkeys sent to New York market do not average more than eight or nine pounds. The Narragansett is a very large healthy bird, and has been bred for size for many generations. Most of the birds sold in Boston and Providence markets under the name of Rhode Island turkeys, or Extra No 1, are of this breed. The farmers are careful in selection of their breeding stock, taking young gobblers that will weigh from twenty-two to twenty-eight pounds, and hens that will weigh from twelve to sixteen. Where the birds are kept over gobblers will sometimes dress thirty-two to thirty-four pounds. For making poultry for market, the Narragansett have no superior. The prevailing colors are white and black with a large patch of white upon the wing bow, giving the general impression of a grey bird. They are not uniform in the shading, but with a little painstaking, could be bred to a feather.—*W. Clift in Poultry World*.

BREEDS OF POULTRY.

Isaac Lynde, of Ohio, writing to the *Poultry World*, describes an experiment tried by him last season. On the 1st of September he took ten pullets, each of five breeds, each within a week of being six months old, and placed them in yards forty feet square, with comfortable houses. For the next six months he kept an account of their food and egg production, with the following results:

The Dark Brahmas ate 369½ quarts of corn, oats and wheat screenings, laid 605 eggs and weighed seventy pounds.

The Buff Cochins ate 406 quarts, laid 591 eggs and weighed seventy-three pounds.

The Grey Dorkings ate 309½ quarts, laid 524 eggs and weighed fifty-nine and a half pounds.

house the very first time he had arrived at his new quarters. I stick by my Brahmas, and grow fonder of them every year. With the Darks I must say that I have not been satisfied this year. The pencilling of the average prize pullets has not been what it was in 1871, and there has been a growing tendency in them to overhanging, twisted, shapeless combs and sour-looking heads, which to a true Brahma fancier are both abominations. Hens have shown these faults of comb still more plainly, and I would state for the warning of breeders and judges that my experience has proved conclusively that it arises chiefly from over feeding when young, especially with meat, in order to get more brute size, and I fear it will continue so long as mere size can win. I would not be misunderstood on this point. If size be really bred in a bird and attained by such feeding on good, plain diet as simply maintains perfect health and appetite, it is a great point; but size forced into any given bird invariably destroys all the finer points that very bird would otherwise have shown. It is not by extra feeding that the Americans produce their enormous Light Brahmas, but by carefully selecting breeders with large frames. In cocks, also, combs have been getting large, and I have also been sorry to see the heavy Cochins style of bird again increasing at various shows. The objectionable yellow color seems on the increase, and needs to be very carefully guarded against. The only remark I have to add is that it seems now impossible to win with any cocks but the Black-breasted. The tendency was plainly that way last season, but this year the idea seems quite fixed. I admit that these birds look more showy, but I regret, notwithstanding, this hard and fast line, for the very dark blue slightly mottled breasted birds, on the whole, it is, perhaps, combs that need more attention at present in this variety.

"Of the Light Brahmas, on the contrary, under compels me to chronicle a most gratifying and marked advance in quality.—I do not so much refer to prize birds, not having seen any hens or pullets superior to those Mr. Crook bred several years since, and which are still winning in other hands, but the improvements on the general run of the classes has been extraordinary—at least half the pens exhibited show now very fair fluff and cushion, and leg feather, too, is coming back again. The cocks, however, are not so good as the hens. The number of birds shown with disordered wings this season was frightful, and needs very severe measures, for the most beautiful bird, if he has this blemish (in most cases quite preventable when taken in time), is not fit to look at.

The male sex of this bird is also showing more of that disgusting dirty straw color, and the correct color in the hackles is, in my opinion, scarcer than last year. Still, even the cocks have gained in size, saddle and combs, and, with careful attention to the faults I have named, I shall almost expect to see a few cups wrested next season from the hitherto victorious dark variety. Size in both sexes has advanced perceptibly in this breed, owing, in several cases within my own knowledge, to an American cross, which I believe I was the first to recommend for that purpose. Here I may, perhaps, recall the fact that, when I stated large birds, weighing 14 to 16 pounds for cocks and 10 to 12 pounds for hens, were to be found in America, certain would-be authorities, who knew a great deal less than they pretended, very discourteously implied with sufficient plainness that my statement was a mere 'cram.' Well, within the last season, an imported cock, weighing no less than 18 pounds, and a pair of hens, weighing nearly 13 pounds each, have been shown, and perhaps that may convince those to whom my assertion was not sufficient. On the whole, size seems in a very fair way to be reached, and the points to be looked to in Lights at present are chiefly still more general leg feather in both sexes and greater purity of

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